O therefore love be of thy selfe so wary,
As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,
Thou gav'st me thine not to give backe againe.

A sweet provocation.

SWeet *Cytheria*, sitting by a Brooke,
With young *Adonis*, lovely, fresh and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a lovely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties Queene.
She told him stories, to delight his eares:
She show'd him favors, to allure his eye:
To win his heart, she toucht him here and there,
Touches so soft, still conquer chastitie.
But whether unripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But smile, and jest, at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her backe, faire Queene, and toward
He rose and ran away, ah foole too froward.

A constant vow.

IF love make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to love?
O, never faith could hold, if not to beautie vowed:
Though

Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile con
Those thoughts to me like Okes, to thee like
Studdy his byas leaves, and makes his booke
Where all those pleasures lives, that Art can
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shal
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without
Which is to me some prayse, that I thy parts
Thine eye *loves* lightning seemes, thy voyc
Which (not to anger bent) is musick and swee
Celestiall as thou art, O, doe not love that
To sing heavens prayse, with such an earthl

The Exchange.

A Womans face with natures owne hand pa
Hast thou the Master Mistris of my passio
A womans gentle heart but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false womens fash
An eye more bright then theirs, lesse false in
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth,
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controuling,
Which steales mens eyes, and womens soules
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fell a doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prickt thee out for womens
Mine be thy love and thy loves use their tr

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